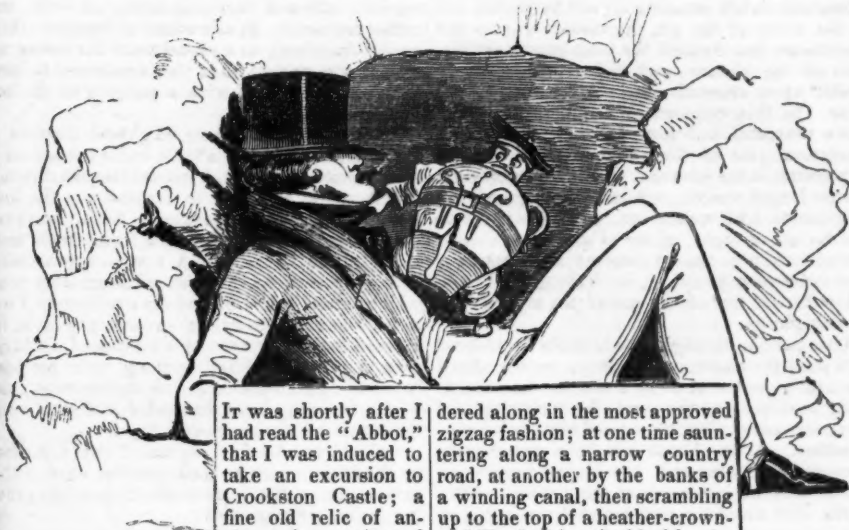


THE ROVER: A DOLLAR WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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THE JAR OF WHISKEY;

OR, AN ADVENTURE AT CROOKSTON CASTLE.—BY GERALD WALTON.



It was shortly after I had read the "Abbot," that I was induced to take an excursion to Crookston Castle; a fine old relic of ancient times, situated

on the southern bank of the Cart, in Renfrewshire, about half-a-dozen of miles from Glasgow, where I happened to be sojourning at the time. As every reader, I presume, has read the novel in question, I do not deem it necessary to make any further allusion to it; what I have got to relate is the adventure I had there, and thus it was:

It was upon a fine breezy summer noon—no matter for the year—that three of us, sworn friends and close companions, resolved to pay a visit to this old ruin, or "interesting relic of feudal times," as the guide book has it. Before starting, however, it was agreed that we should, at least for once in our lives, enjoy the luxury of dining in a castle, even although the carpet should be formed by the green turf, and the roof of the chamber nothing better than the bright canopy of heaven; so we had a small portmanteau packed with an abundance of eatables, together with a bottle of port, and a large tin flask of Islay whiskey.

It was a bright, warm, sunny day; but there was also a strong breeze, bringing along with it a most delicious coolness, and sending the blood dancing through each vein with such vigor and freshness, that I found it impossible to resist the strong impulse to rush forward against the breeze, no away I started over hill and dale, by bank and brake, till, quite exhausted, I sank breathless upon the green sward, where, amid gowans and buttercups, I gaspingly inhaled their perfume. The actual distance of the castle "as the crow flies," was not very great; we, however, deeming it preferable to deviate from the usual route, wan-

dered along in the most approved zigzag fashion; at one time sauntering along a narrow country road, at another by the banks of a winding canal, then scrambling up to the top of a heather-crowned hill, plucking the blackberries as we went, totally unmindful alike of rents in skin or cloth; anon, scouring across a forbidden field, where the farm-servants came shouting in our rear, till at length, when heartily tired, we sat down to rest ourselves upon the trunk of a fallen tree, and at one short sitting, finished the contents of the tin flask. This latter proceeding did not cause us any uneasiness, as before setting out we were led to understand, that it could easily be replenished at an old farm-house in the neighborhood of the ruin, and it was even whispered, with whiskey undefiled by the prying guage of the exciseman; but of this anon.

As we drew near the castle we were witnesses of a singular phenomenon, something similar to which I had heard of before, but had never seen; it being one of those singularly beautiful optical delusions that are only to be seen in certain situations, combined with peculiar states of the weather—a thing which I am told is of very rare occurrence. Our road took an abrupt turn round by the side of a steep hill, which rose right in our front, rendering the whole country that lay beyond impervious to our view. Before we came to this turn, on looking over the top of the hedge, we beheld a large opening in the side of the hill, of at least forty feet in diameter; through which appeared, stretched out for many miles, one of the most striking and beautiful landscapes which it is possible to imagine; bearing a strong resemblance to some of those which Turner has sometimes painted; over which a hazy indistinctness hangs yet where every object is plainly visible.

For awhile we stood entranced, and gazed,

with feelings of awe and admiration, upon this wonderful scene, doubtful of its reality, and for a time totally incapable of accounting for its appearance. On approaching the hedge, however, the whole affair vanished from our view, and in its stead we found a sand-pit, dug into the side of the hill, for supplying that material to the neighboring farmers; yet on moving back a few yards in the same direction that we approached, the same beautiful landscape again became visible. I remained awhile amusing myself by tracing out on the sides of the pit, the various curves and projections that formed the most prominent features of the picture; and endeavored to satisfy myself upon scientific grounds for their occurrence. In this employment I lingered a considerable time, and had come to a very satisfactory conclusion, just as the sun had so far changed his position in the heavens, that the phenomenon was no longer visible; while thus engaged my companions had walked on, and were by this time far out of sight; afraid of not being able to overtake them in time, I resolved upon taking a short cut across the fields; so, leaping the hedge, and with the top of the tower for my guide, I ran straight on.

After passing through several fields I wandered on toward the castle, so far lost in reverie that I was nearly ridden over by a man on horseback, riding hastily along the road; he apologized for his carelessness, when we entered into a brief conversation. At first I took him for a gamekeeper or overseer of some sort, but I soon understood that he was the exciseman of the district. After a little chat about the ruin which I was going to visit, he rode on.

With the exception of one large square tower, there is not much of the castle remaining, and the whole is fast crumbling into ruin; here and there, are large portions of the walls, which enable you still to trace the entire extent of the building, the moat and rampart being still distinctly visible; the moat, of course, is perfectly dry, and in many places nearly filled with large pieces of the fallen walls, and other rubbish that has been gathering for ages. None of the chambers are complete, though you may still observe the extent of the large hall, with an immense fire-place at one end; but the roof is gone, which erst reverberated with the loud revelry of the bold Barons of Renfrew.

It was at Crookston that the ill-fated betrothment of Mary and Darnley was arranged; and tradition points out the chamber which they occupied for some time after their unfortunate nuptials. The view from the window of this chamber commands a large extent of country, pleasingly diversified by hill and dale; while immediately beneath it, reaching from the castle to the brink of the river, stretches a green lawn, where, it is said, the queen witnessed, and sometimes joined in the dances and other entertainments which took place shortly after her marriage. On the summit of the tower, provided you have the hardihood to climb to that perilous height, you may see the stone in which the flag-staff was fixed, from which the broad banner once floated, together with the large stones, often rode to and fro by the watchful guard; and from which the signal fire was wont to blaze. No part of the castle

has been inhabited for many generations, and the walls that were once hung with rich tapestry, are now overspread with green moss, or mouldering in the deadly grasp of the ivy plant.

By this time we began to think that it would be as well to see after our dinner; so, without much further ceremony, down we sat upon the sill of the principal window, a large square place, the walls being nearly eight feet thick. The portmanteau was soon unpacked, and it was universally allowed that one bottle of wine was rather too scanty an allowance of liquor for three weary travelers; as a punishment for losing my way, I was packed off to the farm-house to have the flask replenished with a quantity of the best "mountain dew."

In some of the remote Highland districts of Scotland, there is still a little traffic carried on in illicit distillation; but, I had no idea till this day, that it was to be found so far down in the lowlands as the spot in question. Such, however, really was the case, of which I had ample testimony at the house which I was approaching. Going up a steep, narrow, winding, miry road, which turned round behind the out-houses, I was met at the entrance by an exceedingly dark, ill-favored looking fellow, of whose age I could not form a guess. Without moving to let me pass, he stood right in the centre of the doorway, and with a frowning brow demanded in a gruff voice the nature of my business.

"Could you fill this, my man?" said I, holding up the flask, which he took into his hand with a furtive glance, his countenance if possible growing darker with emotion.

"Hark ye, young sir," he replied, "you seem to go pretty coolly about this sort of work, but take care that you do not come this errand once too often. And if you must do the dirty work of that scoundrel F—— (naming the exciseman whom I had met), with whom I saw you speaking at the foot of the hill, you must also lay your account to take the consequences. Now mark me, and tell him to be wary how he tempts a desperate man; he has already thwarted me more than once, but, if he again dares to cross my path, by heaven it will be at his own peril. Now, trump, you've had your answer—there is your road, and there goes your property before you," saying which, he gave the tin flask a smart kick with his foot, which sent it whirling through the air, down to the foot of the hill; showing that whatever else he knew in perfection, there was one thing at least of which there could be no doubt, and that was, that he possessed a thorough knowledge both of the theory and practice of foot-ball playing.

Thunderstruck at this strange behavior, I was utterly at a loss how to proceed, believing at first that I was actually confronting a madman; however, I assured him, that he was mightily mistaken, if he took me either for an exciseman or the spy of one. I told him the occasion of my presence in the neighborhood, and if we had really been misinformed as to the nature of his other business—hoped he would excuse me for troubling him; but this was of no avail, he still stuck to his former point, and had burst out into another passionate tirade, when he was interrupted by the appearance of a stout old man, who,

alarmed by the hubbub, issued from one of the outhouses, demanding the cause of quarrel.

I told him in a few words.

"Hout, tout," said he, "ne'er fash your thoom, that's aye the gate wi' him;" glancing at the surly fellow, who slunk away round by the end of the houses. F—— has nae need to be sae gleg as a' that comes to. Your flask—ne'er mind it, wait a wee; and he entered one of the back rooms, from which he soon reappeared. "We've to be a wee cautious, but no sae much as you think,—here's a bit jar o' the real stuff, you can bring it up when your dune, and if I'm no here, you can pitch it into the cart-house." Having settled for the contents, I trudged off with the jar to my friends at the castle, where I soon arrived.

I found them both loaded with the eatables, and standing on the green sward on the outside of the tower, evidently preparing for some adventure.

"What's the row now?" said I.

"Oh nothing, only we have made a discovery."

It seemed that one of them had dropped a fork over the window, and on going down to look for it, he discovered another chamber, the existence of which we had never dreamt of, the entrance being completely hid from view by some bushes growing close to the wall. They had both been in the chamber, and had resolved that we should, only for the fun of the thing, dine within. I consented, seeing that it was rather chilly above, and moreover it threatened rain soon. The entrance was up two or three steps, and then down a narrow spiral staircase, leading to a narrow aperture, so small that it scarcely deserved the name of door. The light was admitted by a loop-hole near the ceiling, the roof being high, considering the size of the apartment. The walls were of hewn stone, and, altogether, the chamber had a very comfortable appearance, so much so, that the dinner was soon spread and the duties of it entered upon, without much further delay. We did it ample justice; the viands were not long in showing the effects of our inroads upon them, and the liquor came in for a due share of our attention. On producing the whiskey, I told them of the scrape I had nearly got involved in, when looking out for it, and to make all square we toasted a bumper or two to their confusion. How long we sat discussing the eatables, and other topics, I cannot now say; all that I can remember is, that the spirits soon began to work their enchantments. We sung and shouted, danced and jumped, till we were all hoarse and tired. Then nothing would satisfy the other two, but a view from the top of the tower; but, as I had always the name of being a rather cautious individual, I deemed it more prudent to remain where I was, and enjoy a cigar, rather than run the risk of breaking my head, which at the time was not in the clearest state.

I had sat only a few minutes, when I was suddenly interrupted by an appalling incident; at first, when we entered the vault it seemed totally dark, owing to the sudden transition from the broad glare of day, into its gloomy walls, where the light was rather scanty, being only admitted by the loop-hole which I have mentioned. However, by the time we had finished our repast, our eyes had become so well accustomed to it that

we could discern every object in the place. Turning with my back to the wall, facing the loop-hole, and occupied as I have already stated, I was startled by the appearance of a bright red light glaring up suddenly on the opposite wall; at this alarming occurrence I immediately sprung to my feet, and advancing, found it proceeded from a narrow, deep pit, the mouth of which had hitherto escaped our notice, being hid by the dark shadow cast by the window, right below which it was situated. How I mustered courage to look down, I cannot now say. I felt as bold as a lion; but whether it arose from the quantity of drink I had taken, or proceeded from what philosophers style innate courage, I need not trouble either the reader or myself by inquiring. Look down, however, I did, and, seeing some steps, or rather projecting stones on each side, began to descend, without for a moment considering what I was about. Down I went, step by step, with a foot on each side, the place being much wider than an ordinary chimney. I went down for a considerable way without stopping, and with an ease akin to that which we feel in dreams, when we pass through scenes, and overcome difficulties, almost independent of the slightest act of volition. When about half-way down, I thought, judging from the distance of the bottom, which I could dimly see, I became conscious of a choking sensation, and experienced some difficulty in breathing; doubting whether to go down, or return, I stood for a short time, till I recovered so far, that I determined to persevere.

On arriving at the bottom, I found myself standing in a dungeon vault, which, after looking at the distance I had descended, I concluded to be far beneath the level of the ground; the walls being covered with a black slimy composition, and dripping wet. It being too far sunk for either windows, or loop-holes, the ghastly apartment was lighted up by a blazing fire, which burned in a stove, or furnace, beneath a large vat full to the brim of boiling liquor. It was the glare of the fire in this furnace, the door of which was open, which had penetrated to the chamber above, and attracted my attention.

There was another chamber adjoining the one where I stood; if anything, it was larger, and, on entering, I found that it contained a still, in good working condition; along with a quantity of barrels, tubs, and jars, lying about in all directions. "Oh, oh," thinks I, "here's a solution of the whole mystery:—this must be the workshop of these rascals, there is not a doubt of it, and it argues a pretty extensive business too,—not to be despised by any means." But how they got an entrance to these apartments, I could not divine. It must have been underground, for there was no trace of any passage, or door above, that I could remember, and it was absurd to think that it could be the one by which I had gained admittance.

Groping about in the dark for a solution of this difficulty, I was startled by the creaking of hinges, quite close to me, and had barely time to step aside, when a door burst open, and the smuggler entered, dragging some heavy body along the floor. He pulled it into the inner apartment, and you may guess my astonishment, when, instead of a sack or something of that

sort, I discovered the very exciseman, whom I had met at the foot of the road; his hands tied tightly behind his back, and otherwise presenting a most frightful spectacle. His face was completely covered with blood proceeding from an ugly gash in his brow, above the eyes, one of which was entirely hid by a piece of raw flesh, which had been laid open with some sharp instrument, and now hung from his eyebrow. It was a horrible sight. I was fixed to the spot, and remained trembling in the dark chamber, hidden among the barrels, determined to watch their proceedings. It was a most fearful scene that now took place. The smuggler was a big, strong, large-boned fellow, with a chest like an ox, and a pair of tremendous fists, in which he grasped the poor exciseman as firm as a vice. His face was purple with passion, his hair hung matted upon his brow, from beneath which a pair of bloodshot eyes glared upon his victim. They were both breathless with the struggle, but he was the first to speak.

"Again I have got you in my power, and you won't escape me this time. You have been the bane of my existence—the curse of my life—you have crossed my path in every way, and blighted every project upon which I have set my heart. But now you shall learn what it is to goad a desperate man."

"You coward, you have taken advantage of me," said the exciseman.

"Liar, that you are, you know I am no coward. But you, you crawling viper, by every step and action of your despicable life, do well deserve the name. By your hidden, underhand means, you have ruined me. You have deprived me of the means of pursuing my lawful employment, you have ruined my character, and driven me from the society of my fellows. And, oh God! at last you have whispered your vile insinuations to her, and wiled away the heart of my wife,—her for whose sake I have endured all the misery. He paused here, and seemed deeply affected; he then resumed—"And all this because she had the hardihood to give her hand to a man whom she loved, instead of such a contemptible wretch as you, but I shall yet make you an offer. Let us both go and seek out my wife—your cousin—and before her acknowledge the falsity of your statements; then let you and I separate for ever. Promise this, and you shall go forth from here unharmed."

"I'll be d—d if I do."

"Then be so," and he struck him a blow upon the face which sent him staggering back into the ashpit of the furnace, where he fell with his head upon the red-hot bars.

Maddened with the scorching pain, the exciseman sprung to his feet, and, rendered desperate with agony, he snapped the cord which bound his arms; at the same moment springing at the throat of his opponent he brought him to the ground.

A fearful struggle ensued. The exciseman was uppermost for a while, and I thought he had fairly mastered his enemy, who seemed paralyzed by the suddenness of the shock. They both lay calm for a few minutes, the exciseman, as if considering how next to proceed; while the smuggler, whose arms were firmly pinned down, sepa-

rated one of his legs and gave the exciseman a kick in the abdomen, which made him groan with pain. He lost his hold and his enemy got above him. He twisted his arms behind, and, as if suddenly inspired with a new idea, he dragged him up, and, with a swing, he placed him upon the edge of the boiling vat.

"Now do you accept my terms?—speak, or by heaven I plunge you in." But the exciseman only screamed with desperation at the thought of the dreadful death. "Once more I ask you, will you go? Speak!"

The only answer was a dreadful yell, which rung through the vaulted roof. Then came a splash, as he plunged him into the vat, followed by a hissing sound as the boiling liquor closed over him, and in a moment ended his struggles forever.

The smuggler stood amazed at what he had done; it was an awful pause—it was the look of the murderer after he has "done the deed." I had often tried to conceive such a look, but I pray heaven I may never see it again.

All this while I stood shivering with fear. I had approached the door of the apartment during the struggle, and, now that it was over, I became alarmed for my own safety. As I turned to look about me for a hiding place, the smuggler discovered me. He stepped forward, and seized me by the collar, while I shrunk beneath his baleful gaze. He never spoke, but dragging me to the vat, prepared to plunge me in. I cried for mercy—I roared and struggled, but it was all in vain. My strength failed me, while, with a powerful grasp, he bent me down—down—down. I felt the warm stream covering my face, and the scorching liquid was already drenching my hair,—I felt it boiling and bubbling in my ears. "Oh murder, murder!"

"Hillo! what the devil's the row?" said a voice; and I felt myself rudely shaken.

"Oh! murder—murder,—mercy—murder!"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ho! ho! ho! here's a decided case."

"Oh mercy, where am I? I suppose I have been dreaming," said I, looking up, and seeing my two friends in the vault, where it seems I had fallen asleep.

Reader, I had eaten a hearty dinner, and when I awoke, I found the flask was empty. I believe I am occasionally troubled with the nightmare, and now I assure you I was glad that it was no worse. The day, by this time, was pretty far spent, so we prepared to return home immediately. One of my friends took the jar back to the farm-house, where he saw the smuggler enjoying a pipe by the fireside.

On our road home we met the exciseman, but whether he had belied the smuggler to the extent I had dreamed, I never took the trouble to inquire.

A CHAPTER ON PIGS.

If there is anything in which perverseness is humorously provoking, it is in the stubborn wrong-headedness of a thorough-paced pig. To see one of these creatures going to Fly Market is a certain cure for a quincy: Melancholy herself

could not choose but laugh, till her black lungs "crew like chanticleer;" his perverseness is so straight-forward, though his course is not, (or he will not understand it so to be,) but is as devious as the meanderings of a muddy creek—the closest of comparisons, too—for both are dirty.

He that drives a pig ought to be blest with even more patience than the long-suffering Job; for none other could drive one to market, and "bate no jot" of his temper: he that could, might defy "half the world to arms" to "shock him." Imagine yourself *most* patient of my readers, with a whip in one hand, and at the extreme end of a longish rope—for he will have the whole length of his tether—a pig, endeavoring to make your way to Fly Market. You direct the head of your charge, by directing his tail, due the Bowery and Chatham street; he looks down them, as if conscious that it led to that "undistinguishable bourne"—Fly Market, of course—"from whence no traveler" in the pork line, "returns;" but he cannot oblige you, so turns round, and makes with all his legs for one of the avenues, or the Harlem road. If neither of these ways are agreeable, he has no objection to turn half round, and put for Chelsea as though his hogshog were at stake to beat Fashion's time of 7.32; but if you cannot decide on this proposition immediately, he is polite enough to persist in waiting your leisure, and sticks to his point, as immovable as a rusted weathercock: at last, as if perverseness, as it is the centre of all his actions, is also a pivot on which his action turns, he veers round and round like the boxing-hand of the compass, to all points, but keeps to none, neither making way either forward, sideward, or backward. Your patience now begins to "ooze out" at your fingers' ends, and you apply the whip in the most persuasive manner possible: he squeaks very penitently, and utters his shrill laments till all the passengers stop their ears with their fingers, and the housekeepers shut down their windows. He seems to regret his incapacity to please you, let him turn whichever way he will; but relaxes nothing of his predetermination against the Bowery and Chatham street. You then twist his thin and useless tail round your thumb, till you have screwed it as tight as it were in a tourniquet, and endeavor to urge him forward by this, the last resource of defeated drivers of pigs—his counter-tenor squeak is only the more piercing and pathetic; and tells the story of his tail in "sounds it is a misery to hear:" but he is as undecidably decided as ever as to the tenor of his way. And now, stunned by his shrieks, you loose his tail, and pull resolutely at the string which keeps him prisoner by the leg. He was at that moment advancing almost twice his own length on the road you wished him to take, but the pull which was intended to urge him onward he wilfully misconstrues into a direct command to stand still, and once more he is "fixed as monumental marble." You ply the whip, till his sides look like the tally of the number of lashes he has received; but it has so little effect on his temper, that you could almost persuade yourself to think that he had taken the whipping as an unmerited compliment when paid to a pig of his age, since none but pigs of tender years are whipped to death to make them tender. You pull the leg, twist the

tail, and flog the flank for half an hour longer: he squeaks up and down the whole compass of the chromatic scale, till every note is ran through, and your head feels as if sharp swords were thrusting through both ears; but nothing you can do can convince him of the "error of his ways." Meanwhile the amused mob increase around you, encouraging your patience by laughing at your distress; and now you begin to grow savage—angry, whereupon the passing old ladies ejaculate every variety of shame in your ears. By this time the blackguard boys begin to swarm about you like bees at a gathering: one volunteers a stick with a nail in it, a second a stone, a third pushes his cap in the face of your charge; the rest raise the exulting halloo, or keep up the roaring laugh. These insults heaped on insults put your pig on his metal, and he either bolts in between their legs promiscuously, and tumbles them down, one after another, like an ill-delivered howl among the "descending nine,"—skittles, not Muses,—or else, selecting some newly-breeched urchin in particular, makes between his legs as through a postern, and flinging him over his back, pitches him upon the rope that runs tightly from his leg to your hand, where the bread-and-butter muncher hangs a moment in doubtful poise like a tumbled rope-dancer, and then rolls off into the late corporation's mud, to the indelible disgrace of his juvenile pants. Or else the averse perversity, to deceive you with a show of willingness to go the way you wish him, makes a fresh start for the pavé, where a flaunting fat lady is waddling along, and rushing under her petticoats, throws up her heels with the skill of Price the wrestler, and then runs on, dragging you after him, squeaking extra-hideously, as if to drown the cries of the more-frightened-than-hurt old gentlewoman with a noise more barbarous. And here, the joke having arrived at the climax, the by-standers laugh louder than ever: when, seizing the porky perplexity by the hind legs, you fling him over your shoulder, and sweat and swear all the way to Fly Market, your tender chrage meanwhile making the streets vocal with one long-continued shriek; and arriving there just at the close of the market, you tumble him into a pen, head and petticoats together, and selling him for half his value to get rid of him, swear to turn Jew, and abhor Pork, living or dead, as long as you live.

There is also no animal that dies with so much clamor, and that has such sincere objection to die, as your pig. The sturdy bull takes the death-blow on his head, and drops to the ground, without one bellow of complaint; and even the "silly sheep" dies quietly under the knife of the slaughterer, "without one sigh, one pitying groan;" but your perverse pig no sooner suspects the knife to be at his throat, than his shrieks reach the skies; and even when the fatal thrust has passed through his skin, and complaint would be thought useless with any other living or dying creature, his lament, instead of suffering diminution, increases with his suffering; he reels round the sty of his fathers, drunk with death, and continues to shriek till the "last ruddy drops" that visited "his sad heart" depart to visit the amalgamators of black puddings. After death, too, when his chin and cheeks are shaven, and look for once in his life

cleanly, there is a most rigid expression of reluctance to die in his pale, pathetic face; the mouth still looks as if it had closed in the full persuasion, that all was not eaten that might be eaten,—that there was still food enough in the trough of life to have made it unnecessary for him yet to die. Days after his decease, this demurring expression continues in the corners of his chaps, and seems to make a mouth at the ravenous Death; or, to say the least of it, sullenly and silently argues with fate and necessity to the last. Even when his head leaves his body, his spirit knows not where, nor cares where, since a head is of little use without a stomach, and his was all in all to him; and even when it lays in cleanly china dish in some confectioner's window, in Broadway, the yellow and sour lemon disparting his tusked jaws, and mocking at their powerlessness to bite, how chap-fallen it looks, and irresistibly pathetic. I am sometimes, in the sincerity and depth of my grief at beholding one of these dead departed gormandizers of the good things of this world, almost inclined to hope that a transmigration of soul may be indulgently allowed to these reluctant leavers of the feast of life, and that the spirit of a gluttonous pig who died yesterday, may become the soul of some future New York alderman to be born to-morrow.

Next in pathos to your elderly pig departed, is the death-look of your tender-yearled sucking-pig; it is, as I may say, an emblem, as poetical as any one of old hieroglyphical Quarles's, of the youth of life in death—of the innocence of a life that lives not out of its ignorant youth into the wiser wickedness of age. If ever I become an alderman, and die, as one should do, of a Fourth of July dinner, on my civic tomb let the *Bacon* of the age enchain a twin-pair of these pretty pieces of pork, to show at once the brevity of life, and the innocence of enjoying the good things of it to the last moment, as do those delicate feeders!

But let us not, after all, despise the pig, which we cannot do without contemplating pork, which is generally understood to be a derivative from pig; for by the pig, rooting up the earth for buried acorns, man was taught the necessity of ploughing and sowing if he would likewise eat.

CHANGEABLE CHARLIE.

A TALE OF THE DOMINIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DOMINIE'S LEGACY."

REALLY when I come to think on the various fortunes of my pupils after they went from under my charge, I am as much diverted and moved to laughter at the ways and proceedings that were followed out by some, as I am sobered into sorrow at the sad and pathetic fate that befel several others. If I could say conscientiously, that the wisest man always turned out to be the happiest or the most fortunate, greatly should I be gratified. But truly, it hath never consisted with the little philosophy that I have gathered in going about the world, to deal much in general rules or specified conclusions; and I have often from my observations been rather tempted to say, with the proverb-making king, that folly was in some cases better than wisdom, and lightness of heart more to be envied than sobriety and sense.

It was in the early part of my life, when I was yet in the apprenticeship of my fortune, that I had the teaching of a pleasant boy, whose name was Charlie Cheap. Charlie's father was a well-speaked witless body, who kept a shop in the largest village near; and having made money by mere want of sense, and selling of the jigs and jags of a country town, was called by the name of John Cheap the Chapman, after the classical story of that personage with which we used to be diverted when we were children: so the old man seeing indications of genius in his son, sent the lad to me to finish his education.

There was not a better-liked boy in the whole school than Charlie Cheap; for though he never would learn anything effectually, and was the head and ring-leader of every trick that was hatched, he had such a laughing happy disposition, and took his very punishment so good-humoredly, that it went to my heart to think of chastising him; and as for the fool's cap and the broom sceptre, they were no punishment to him, for he never seemed better pleased than when he had them on; and when mounted thus on the top of the black stool, he seemed so delighted, and pulled such faces at the rest of the boys, that no mortal flesh could stand to their gravity near him, and my seat of learning was in danger of becoming a perfect hobblesheaf of diversion. How to master this, was past my power. But Charlie's versatility ended it by his own will, and before he was half learned in his preliminary humanities, his father and he had taken some scheme into their heads, and he was removed from me and sent to the college.

I know not how it was, but for several years I lost sight of Charlie, until I heard that his father was dead, and that he was now a grown man, and was likely to make a great fortune. This news was no surprise to me, for I now began to make the observation, that the greatest fools that I had the honor of preparing for the world, most generally became the wealthiest men.

It was one day when on a summer tramp, that entering a decentish town, and looking about at the shop windows, I began to bethink me of the necessity that had fallen upon me, by the tear and wear of the journey, of being at the expense of a new hat, so I entered a magazine of miscellaneous commodities, when who should astonish me in the person of the shopkeeper, but my old pupil Charlie Cheap. "Merciful me! Charlie," said I, "who would have expected to find you at this trade! I thought you had gone to the college to serve your time for a minister of the gospel."

"Indeed," said Charlie, "that was once the intent, but, in truth, my head got rather confused with the lair and the logic. I had not the least conjugality to the Greek conjugations, and when I came to the Hebrew that is read every word backward, faith, I could neither read it backward nor forward, and fairly stuck, and grew a sticked minister. But I had long begun to see that the minister trade was but a poor business, and that a man might wait for the mustard till the meat was all eaten, and so I just took up a chop like my father before me; and faith, Mr. Dominie, I'm making a fortune."

"Well," said I, "I am really happy to hear it."

and I hope, besides that, that you like your employment."

"I'm quite delighted with the chop-keeping, Mr. Balgownie, a very different life from chopping verbs in a cauld college. Besides, I am a respected man in the town; nothing but Mr. Cheap here and Mrs. Cheap there, and ladies coming in all hours of the day, and bowing and becking to me—and throwing the money to me across the counter;—I would not wonder if they should make me a bailie yet."

"Well, I am really delighted too," said I: "and from my knowledge of bailies, I would not wonder in the least—so good bye, Mr. Cheap. I think this hat looks very well on me."

"Makes you ten years younger, Sir—good bye! wish you your health to wear it."

It might be a twelvemonth after that, I was plodding along a country road some ten miles from the fore-mentioned town, when looking over the hedge by my side, I saw a team of horses pulling a plough toward me; and my cogitations were disturbed by the yoking and yau-ing of the man who followed it. Something struck me that I knew the voice, and when the last of the men came up, I discovered under the plush waistcoat and farmer's bonnet, my old friend Charlie Cheap.

"Soul and conscience!" cried he, thrusting his clayey hand through the hedge and grasping mine—"if this is not my old master the Dominie!" and truly he gave me the farmer's gripe, as if my hand had been made of cast metal.

"What are you doing here, Charlie?" said I. "Why are you not minding your shop instead of marching there in the furrows at the plough-tail?"

"Chop," said he, "what chop? Na, na, Dominie, I've gotten a better trade by the hand."

"It cannot be possible, Charlie, that ye've turned farmer?"

"Whether it be possible or no, it is true," said Charlie; "but dinna be standing there whistling through the hedge, but come in by the slap at the corner, and ye shall taste my wife's treacle ale."

"Well really," said I, when I had got down into the farm-house, "this is the most marvellous change."

"No change to speak of," said he; "do ye think I was going to be tied up to haberdrabbery all my days? No, no, I knew I had a genius for farming, the chop-keeping grew flat and unprofitable, a chield from England set up next door to me, so a country customer took a fancy for a town life. I sold him my stock in trade, and he sold me the stock on his farm. He stepped in behind the counter, and I got behind the plough, so here I am, happier than ever; besides, harkie! I am making money fast."

"Are you really? But how do you know that?"

"Can I not count my ten fingers? Have I not figured it on black and white over and over again? There's great profits with management such as mine, that I can assure you, sir."

"But how could you possibly learn farming? That, I believe, is not taught at college."

"Pooh! my friend; I can learn anything. Besides, my wife's mother was a farmer's daughter, and Lizzy herself understands farming alrea-

dy, as if she was reared to it. She makes all the butter, and the children drink all the milk, and we live so happy: birds singing in the morning—cows lowing at night—drinking treacle ale all day; and nothing to do but watch the corn growing. In short, farming is the natural state of man. Adam and Eve were a farmer and his wife, just like me and Lizzy Cheap!"

"But you'll change again shortly, I am afraid Mr. Cheap."

"That's impossible, for I've got a nineteen years' lease. I'll grow gray as a farmer. Well, good bye, Dominie. Be sure you give us a call the next time ye pass, and get a drink of our treacle ale."

"Well, really this is the most extraordinary thing," said I to myself, as I walked up the lane from the farm house. "I shall be curious to ascertain of his going to stick to the farming till he's ruined."

I thought no more of Changeable Charlie for above a year, when coming toward the same neighborhood, I resolved to go a short distance out of my way to pay him a visit. My road lay across a clear country stream which winded along a pleasant green valley beneath me; and as I drew near the rustic bridge, my ear caught the lively sound of a waterfall, which murmured from a picturesque spot among opening woods, a little way above the bridge. A little mill-race, with its narrow channel of deep level water, next attracted my notice; and presently after, the regular splash of a water-wheel, and the boom of a corn-mill became objects of my meditative observation. The mill looked so quaint and rustic by the stream, the banks were so green and the water so clear, that I was tempted to wander toward it, down from the bridge, just to make the whole a subject of closer observation.

A barefooted girl came forth from the house and stared in my face, as a Scottish lassie may be supposed to do at a reasonable man. "Can you tell me," said I, willing to make up an excuse for my intrusion, "if this road will lead me to the farm of Longrigs, which is occupied by one Mr. Cheap?" The lassie looked in my face with a thieveless smile, and, without answering a word, took a bare-legged race into the mill. Presently, a great lumbering miller came out, like a walking bag of flour from beside the hopper, and I immediately saw he was going to address me.

Never did I see such a snowy man. His miller's hat was inch thick with flour; he whitened the green earth as he walked, the knees of his breeches were loose, and the stockings that hung about his heels, would have made a hearty meal for a starving garrison.

"What can the impudent rascal be staring at?" I said, and I began to cast my eyes down on my person, to see if I could find any cause in my own appearance, that the miller and his lassie should thus treat me as a world's wonder.

"Ye were asking I think," he said, "after Charlie Cheap, of the Longrigs?"

"Yes," said I, "but his farm must be some miles from this. Perhaps as you are the miller of the neighborhood, you can direct me the nearest road to it."

The burley scoundrel first lifted up his eye-

winkers, which were clotted with flour, shook out about a pound of it from his bushy whiskers, and then burst into a laugh in my very face as loud as the neighing of a miller's horse.

"Ho, ho, hough!" grinned he, coughing upon me a shower of flour. "Is it possible, Dominie, that ye dinna ken me?" and opening a mouth at least as wide as his own hopper, I began to recognize the exaggerated features of Changeable Charlie.

"Well really," said I, gazing at his grin, and the hills of flour that arose from his cheeks,— "really this beats everything! and so Charlie, ye're now turned into a miller."

"As sure's a gun!" said he. "Lord bless your soul, Dominie! do you think I could bear to spread dung and turn up dirt all my life? no! I have a soul above that. Besides, your miller is a man in power. He is an aristocrat over the farmers, and with the power has its privileges too, for he takes a mulct out of every man's sack, and levies his revenues like a prime minister. No one gets so soon fat as those that live by the labor of others, as you may see; for the landed interest supports me by day, and my water wheel works for me all night, as if I don't get rich now, the deuce is in it."

"I suppose," said I, following him into the mill, "you are just making a fortune."

"How can I help it?" said he, "making money while I sleep, for I hear the musical click of the hopper in my dreams, and my bairns learn their lessons by the jog of it. I wish every man who has passed a purgatory at college, were just as happy as the miller and his wife. Is not that the case, Lizzy?" he added, addressing his better half, who now came forth hung round by children—"as the song goes,"

"Merry may the maid be that marries the miller,
For foul day and fair day, he's aye bringing till her—
His ample hands in ilk man's pock,
His mill grinds muckle siller,
His wife is dress'd in silk and lawn,
For he's aye bringing till her."

"But dear me, Mr. Cheap," said I, "what was it that put you out of the farm, where I thought you were so happy, and making a fortune?"

"I was as happy as a man could be, and making money too, and nothing put me out of the farm, although I was quite glad of the change, but just a penny of fair debt, the which, you know, is a good man's ease—and a little civil argument about the rent. But everything turned out for the best, for Willie Happer, the former miller, just ran awa the same week: I got a dead bargain of the mill, and so I came in to reign in his stead. Am I not a fortunate man?"

"Never was a man so lucky," said I; "but do you really mean to be a waiter on a mill-hopper all your days?"

"As long as wood turns round and water runs; but, Lizzy," he added to his wife, "what are you standing glowering there for, and me like to choke. Gang and fetch us a jug of your best treacle ale."

"It surely cannot be," said I to myself when I had left the mill, "that Changeable Charlie will ever adopt a new profession now, but live and die a miller." I was, however, entirely mistaken in my calculation, as I found before I was

two years older; and though I have not time, at this present sitting, to tell the whole of Charlie's story—and have a strong suspicion that my veracity might be put in jeopardy, were I to condescend thereto, I am quite ready to take my oath, that after this I found him in not less than five different characters, in all of which he was equally happy and equally certain of making a fortune. Where the mutations of Charlie might have run to, and whether, to speak with a little agreeable stultification, he might not, like another remarkable man, have exhausted worlds and then imagined new, it is impossible to predicate, if Fortune had not, in her usual injustice, put an end to his career of change, by leaving his wife Lizzy a considerable legacy.

The last character then that I found Charlie striving to enact, was that of a gentleman—that is, a man who has plenty of money to live upon, and nothing whatever to do. It did not appear, however, that Charlie's happiness was at all improved by this last change; for, besides that it had taken from him all his private joys, in the hope of one day making a fortune, it had raised up a most unexpected enemy, in the shape of old father Time, whom he found it more troublesome and less hopeful to contend with, than all the obstacles that had formerly seemed to stand in his way to the making of an independent fortune.

When the legacy was first showered upon him, however, he seemed as happy under the dispensation, as he had been before under any other of his changes. In the hey-day of his joy, he sent for me to witness his felicity, and to give him my advice as to the spending of his money. This invitation I was thoughtless enough to accept, but it was more that I might pick up a little philosophy out of what I should observe, than from any pleasure that I expected, or any good that I was likely to do. When I got to his house, I was worried to death by all the fine things I was forced to look at, that had been sent to him from Jamaica, and all that from him and his wife I was forced to hear. I tried to impress him concerning the good that he might do with his money, in reference to many who sorely wanted it; but I found that he had too little feeling himself to understand the feelings of others, and that affliction had never yet driven a nail into his own flesh, to open his heart to sympathy. Instead of entering into any rational plans, his wife and he laughed all day at nothing whatever, his children turned the house upside down in their ecstasy at being rich; and, in short, never before had I been so wearied at seeing people happy.

In all this, however, I heard not one single word of thankfulness for this unlooked-for deliverance from constant vicissitude, or one grateful expression to Providence, for being so unreasonably kind to this family; while thousands around them struggled incessantly, in ill-rewarded industry and unavailing anxiety. So I wound up the story of Changeable Charlie in reflective melancholy; for I had seen so many who would, for my little good fortune, have been most thankful and happy, yet never were able to attain thereto; and I inclined to the sombre conclusion, that in this world the wise and virtuous man was often less fortunate, and generally less happy than the fool.

We are pleased to present our readers with the following original gem from the pen of Flagg, the painter. It is a picture of thought and fancy—a creation from the mind of a true artist.

THE ANGRY BEAUTY.

BY GEORGE FLAGG.

As the dread lightnings gleam afar
When darkness veils each rising star,
And Earth's warm beauties are unsealed,
So Love by Anger is revealed,

Swayed by its will, thy queenly form
In majesty is like the storm,
When rushing winds unfettered rave
From cliff to cliff, from wave to wave.

Thy angry glance comes flashing through
Its sea of light and lake of blue,
And charmed by their chastened ire,
I burn to press thy lips of fire.

If thus it bend thee to its power,
And leaves thee like a drooping flower,
Then yield, oh, yield! to love's deep sway,
And let it pass in tears away.

NA-WI-QUA.

A METOWAC LEGEND.—BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

"WHEN Che-che-qua had finished his legend, I could not help asking him whence came the plants and animals which had sprung into existence since the days of the Chippewa Deucalion. These, he answered, have been subsequently created in various ways."—HOFFMAN'S FOREST AND PRAIRIE.

EVERY student, in examining the materials which are hereafter to supply our American literature, must be impressed with the abundant resources to be found among the legends of the Aborigines. Innumerable as have been the books through which is seen stalking the "stoic of the woods," we rarely meet the red man, such as he really is. We find sketches of fancy, bold and graphic, it is true, but not a portraiture of the primitive man.

In connection with this subject, the writer recalls with melancholy pleasure, since the object is no more, a brief acquaintance with one,* descended from the royalty of nature, a woman whose original graces of mind, and literary acquirements, might have well qualified her to present the characteristics of her people in a just light before the public. The accomplished Mrs. Jameson makes honorable mention of one, who never failed to awaken the sympathy and respect of all who approached her; and none, who have ever listened to her simple and earnest recital of the red man will fail of a sad tribute to her memory. Through her we beheld the aboriginal in his own domain. Her stories had life and soul, quaintness and humor, and a directness of detail akin to that of the Arabian Nights.

The Indian sages, especially those of the Algonquin race, (to which the Metowac, or Long Island tribes belonged,) abound with stories and traditions, curious and interesting in themselves, and not the less so from betraying no far-fetched analogy to classical or inspired writings. Such is the story so often told among them of Na-wi-qua, or the origin of Eye-Bright!

It is well known that Chemanitou is at the head, and is the ruler of all the lesser spirits or

Manittos: but these having power over different departments of his kingdom, are in some respects independent of him, and may in effect control his motions, by withholding that, over which they preside, and which may be necessary to his operations. This they not infrequently do; and although they in return are exposed to discomfort and punishment, and are at length compelled to yield, yet such is their freakishness and ambition, they are often thwarting him in this way.

Chemanitou became weary of this continued contest for power, and longed for a creature who should be entirely dependant upon his will. He therefore went round to the different Manittos, and having spoken fairly to them all, they each gave him a small portion of that which belonged to themselves, and he went his way. He had fire, and air, and water, besides many smaller gifts which he picked up in various forms. He put these all by themselves, and for many days he sat apart, and in silence.

No one dared approach him. He sat as in a screen of fire.

After a while the flame cleared away, and the Master of Life led forth a new creature. It was a man.

The Manittos saw too late what they had done, for each beheld something taken from himself to make up the creation, while the form was that of the Great Being, who has all things within himself.

Chemanitou was filled with delight at his work, and he went on and made a great many more just like him. So these men, who were very large and very strong, moved about amid trees, and flowers, and fruits, and slept, and awoke, and for a while seemed quite content. Having the air as a part of themselves, they wrestled, and leaped, and danced as they would live in that element. Then the water attracted them and they played for a long time in its waves, and after sat in the warm light. But still the master of life saw they were not satisfied.

He had conceived a great affection for them, for they did not rebel against him as the Manittos did. So he began to make an immense number of creatures to please them. He went on making and making. The woods, and the air, and the water became filled. And then the men learned to hunt and fish, and for a while did very well. But this state of things did not last. He saw he might create forever, and they would in the end still tire of everything.

Chemanitou began to tire himself—for this new creature seemed never able to rest. So he laid his hand over them while he thought what next to do.

He conceived if he could make some beings a little like the men themselves, to be with them at all times, they might be content. Here again he found a new difficulty. In making the men he had found little trouble, as he only wished to please himself, and had his own form for a model. But in this new being it was different. It was not to be made to please himself.

He thought a long time.

At length he raised his hand and the men look about, and saw a number of very comely beings akin to themselves. They approached them, and although shy, they were pleased to find they did

* The late Mrs. H. R. Schoolcraft.

not, like the antelope, dart away for the woods, but might be secured without any very great trouble.

It soon appeared, however, that they were all deaf, for they were made very early in the morning, when there is no sound. The men laughed at this, and thought it very good. Things went on very well for a considerable length of time: but at first the men begun to feel as if the women ought not to talk if they could not hear. They found many other faults, but this was the chief.

The Master of Life laughed at an evil so easily cured, and he made more women like these, excepting that they were created at mid-day, when there are so many sounds to be heard. So these women were all dumb. They were much more intelligent than the others, and he thought his task must now be done. Sometimes the deaf, and sometimes the dumb women pleased the best, and so matters went on very well.

But neither did this state of things last. The Great Spirit found man by far the most troublesome being in the universe. Yet he was resolved to try the utmost to adapt things to his strange powers. He saw the husband of the deaf woman and the husband of the dumb woman were neither of them content.

So he made another woman.

This time he made but one. She was far more beautiful than the rest. She could both hear and speak. But she was blind, for she was created as the day was going out.

The men and women looked at her, and then they looked at each other; and they all laughed.

The Master of Life was angry. He determined to do no more for them. He led the woman away to a fair lodge, and left her by herself.

Na-wi-quā, (*Eve, or morning*,—literally “after mid-day,”) or the blind, was very lonely. She often wept, but she did not complain. She had no companion but the Great Spirit, who learned to love her better than any thing he had made. And now he sent the birds to sing to her, and brought a stream of water from the hill-side that it might pass the door of her lodge and give her joy. She was very gentle, and the fawn came and laid its head upon her lap. The mocking-bird learned many notes from the tones of her voice. The flowers gathered about her, and there was no other place so fair as that about the lodge of Na-wi-quā.

The men and women often came to look at her and then went away, for she seemed of no use in the world. She could neither plant corn, nor manage a canoe, look after the lodge or anything else. So she lived a long time. She was affectionate, but there was no one to love her. She was not unhappy, but she was very solitary.

One day Gha-Nieu, or the War Eagle, as he was called, thought he would go and see Na-wi-quā. He had often heard of her, but as she seemed so much worse off than other women, he had hitherto felt little curiosity to see her. Gha-Nieu was the handsomest man in the world, and as brave in war, and as expert in the chase as he was handsome. He was swifter and stronger than any of his kind. Of course Gha-Nieu might have won the love of the fairest women. But he was indifferent to them all. He complained that those who were deaf could talk too well, and see

too much, and those who were mute might just as well be deaf and blind. None pleased him.

So he came to the lodge of Na-wi-quā, who heard his footsteps, and she smiled and said,

“Netawis (my cousin) comes to talk with me.”

“Nee-Sheema (my younger sister) knows all things,” replied Gha-Nieu. But he did not approach, for her beauty was exceeding great. He sat down at the door of the lodge, and she being blind did not know how intently he looked at her, and so she talked with him a long time without fear. At length she arose, and he gave her his hand lest she should stumble, and they went out together talking all the time.

Gha-Nieu was enchanted. He forgot Na-wi-quā could neither dress venison, plant corn, nor look after the lodge. He only saw she was gentle, lovely, and very beautiful. They walked on for a very long time, and both grew silent.

Nha-ha! (oh dear!) at last suddenly exclaimed Na-wi-quā, as he attempted to take her hand, and she turned away. Gha-Nieu looked sorrowful. He was at a loss how to act. He had never known fear. Na-wi-quā moved on: but she was blind and did not see a large stone that was in her pathway. Gha-Nieu sprang forward and saved her, or she would have fallen. She learned she could not go alone. She trembled and stood still. And now Gha-Nieu spoke that which no woman had ever before heard; and it was pleasant, for it was new.

Na-wi-quā stood before Gha-Nieu, her head drooping, and she wept bitterly—for she loved him, and grieved that she could not see him. Her tears fell at the feet of the strong and the brave. They watered the earth. Gha-Nieu also wept that she was blind—and then he thought, perhaps Na-wi-quā would not love a chief she had seen weeping. And so he was content.

Now it was so, that where the tears of the lovers fell, and mingled on the earth, a cheerful, light-loving flower sprang up; for it is the will of the Great Spirit that fruits should grow to satisfy every innocent desire, and flowers should spring from the earth as records of human emotions. They are the types of sentiments registered upon the earth, just as the sentiment itself is registered in the heart. The Eye-bright was thus the birth of tears; but such tears as are the heralds of cheerfulness.

Na-wi-quā stood with her head drooping. She had never seen light, and knew not where to direct her eyes: thus she bent her head to listen to Gha-Nieu. Now as he told her of his love, and tried to comfort her on account of her blindness, Na-wi-quā began to see. She was not surprised at this, for love was new to her, and that was a greater surprise. She kept her eyes fixed upon the ground where the flowers were springing about her feet, and opening their blossoms, as if light had been imprisoned within their chalice and was now making its escape.

Na-wi-quā watched them a long time, and they looked up at her, as each became perfect. Then Na-wi-quā began to look up likewise. She lifted her head and saw the face of her lover. She looked into his eyes. Na-wi-quā next raised hers upward and she met the blue sky.

The Great Spirit then smiled upon them both, for Na-wi-quā had approached his seat. He had

never been so pleased before. Love had perfected the creation of the Master of Life. It had given eyes to Na-wi-quá.

Na-wi-quá is still held in great reverence. All the graces of womanhood are supposed to have been derived from her. She is the ideal of the aboriginal creation. The beautiful instinct that caused her to raise her eyes upward from the blossom at her feet, to the face of her lover, and still in pursuit of the good and the true, lifted them to the sky, first taught men the sentiment of love, and the sentiment of worship. Na-wi-quá became the embodiment of innocence, of love, and religion. Through her men first learned the worship of the Great Spirit.

Even now, when they speak of a woman remarkable for her virtues, they say her mother was Na-wi-quá.

American Wild Flowers.

FEDERIGO ALBERIGI AND HIS FALCON.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF BOCCACCIO.

THERE lived in Florence a young man called Federigo Alberigi, who surpassed all the youth of Tuscany in feats of arms, and in accomplished manners. He (for gallant men will fall in love) became enamored of Monna Giovanna, at that time considered the finest woman in Florence; and that he might inspire her with a reciprocal passion, he squandered his fortune at tilts and tournaments, in entertainments and presents: But the Lady, who was virtuous as she was beautiful, could on no account be prevailed upon to return his love. While he lived thus extravagantly, and without the means of recruiting his coffers, poverty, the usual attendant of the thoughtless, came on apace; his money was spent, and nothing remained to him but a small farm, barely sufficient for his subsistence, and a falcon, which was however the finest in the world. When he found it impossible therefore to live longer in town, he retired to his little farm, where he went a birding in his leisure hours; and disdaining to ask favors of any one—he submitted patiently to his poverty, while he cherished in secret a hopeless passion.

It happened about this time that the husband of Monna Giovanna died, leaving a great fortune to their only son, who was yet a youth; and that the boy came along with his mother to spend the summer months in the country, at a villa in the neighborhood of Federigo's farm. In this way he became acquainted with Federigo, and began to delight in birds and dogs, and having seen his falcon, he took a great longing for it, but was afraid to ask it of him when he saw how highly he prized it. This desire, however, so much affected the boy's spirits, that he fell sick; and his mother who doted upon this her only child, became alarmed, and to soothe him, pressed him again and again to ask whatever he wished, and promised, that if it were possible, he should have all that he desired. The youth at last confessed, that if he had the falcon he would soon be well again. When the lady heard this, she began to consider what she should do: She knew that Federigo had long loved her, and had received from her nothing but coldness; and

how could she ask the falcon, which she heard was the finest in the world, and which was now his only consolation? Could she be so cruel as to deprive him of his last remaining support? Perplexed with these thoughts, which the full belief that she should have the bird if she asked it, did not relieve, she knew not what to think, or how to return her son an answer. A mother's love, however, at last prevailed; she resolved to satisfy him, and determined, whatever might be the consequence, not to send, but to go herself and procure the falcon. She told her son, therefore, to take courage, and think of getting better, for that she would herself go on the morrow, and fetch what he desired; and the hope was so agreeable to the boy, that he began to mend apace. On the next morning Monna Giovanna, having taken another lady along with her, went as if for amusement to the little cabin of Federigo, and inquired for him. It was not the birding season, and he was at work in his garden; when he heard, therefore, that Monna Giovanna was calling upon him, he ran with joyful surprise to the door. She, on the other hand, when she saw him coming, advanced with delicate politeness; and when he had respectfully saluted her, she said, "All happiness attend you, Federigo; I am come to repay you for the loss you have suffered from loving me too well, for this lady and I intend to dine with you in an easy way this forenoon." To this Federigo humbly answered: "I do not remember, madam, having suffered any loss at your hands, but on the contrary, have received so much good, that if ever I had any worth, it sprung from you, and from the love with which you inspired me. And this generous visit to your poor host, is much more dear to me than would be the spending again of what I have already spent." Having said this, he invited them respectfully into the house, and from thence conducted them to the garden, where, having nobody else to keep them company, he requested that they would allow the laborer's wife to do her best to amuse them, while he went to order dinner.

Federigo, however great his poverty, had not yet learned all the prudence which the loss of fortune might have taught; and it thus happened, that he had nothing in the house with which he could honorably entertain the lady, for whose love he had formerly given so many entertainments. Cursing his evil fortune, therefore, he stood like one beside himself, and looked in vain for money or pledge. The hour was already late, and his desire extreme to find something worthy of his mistress; he felt repugnant, too, to ask from his own laborer. While he was thus perplexed, he chanced to cast his eyes upon his fine falcon, which was sitting upon a bar in the antichamber. Having no other resource, therefore, he took it into his hand, and finding it fat, he thought it would be proper for such a lady. He accordingly pulled its neck without delay, and gave it to a little girl to be plucked; and having put it upon a spit, he made it be carefully roasted. He then covered the table with a beautiful cloth, a wreck of his former splendor; and everything being ready, he returned to the garden to tell the lady and her companion that dinner was served. They accordingly went in and sat down to table

with Federigo, and eat the good falcon without knowing it.

When they had finished dinner, and spent a short while in agreeable conversation, the lady thought it time to tell Federigo for what she had come. She said to him, therefore, in a gentle tone, "Federigo, when you call to mind your past life and recollect my virtue, which perhaps you called coldness and cruelty, I doubt not but that you will be astonished at my presumption, when I tell you the principal motive of my visit. But had you children, and knew how great a love one bears them, I am sure you would in part excuse me; and although you have them not, I who have an only child, cannot resist the feelings of a mother. By the strength of these am I constrained, in spite of my inclination, and contrary to propriety and duty, to ask a thing which I know is with reason dear to you, for it is your only delight and consolation in your misfortunes:—That gift is your falcon, of which my son has taken so great a desire, that unless he obtain it, I am afraid his illness will increase, and that I shall lose him. I beseech you to give it me, therefore, not by the love which you bear me, (for to that you owe nothing,) but by the nobleness of your nature, which you have shewn in nothing more than in your generosity; and I will remain eternally your debtor for my son's life, which your gift will be the means of preserving.

When Federigo heard the lady's request, and knew how impossible it was to grant it, he burst into tears, and was unable to make any reply. The lady imagined, that this arose from grief at the thought of losing his favorite, and showed his unwillingness to part with it; nevertheless she waited patiently for his answer. He at length said,—"Since it first pleased heaven, madam, that I should place my affections on you, I have found fortune unkind to me in many things, and have often accused her; but all her former unkindness has been trifling compared with what she has now done me. How can I ever forgive her, therefore, when I remember, that you, who never designed to visit me when I was rich, have come to my poor cottage to ask a favor which she has cruelly prevented me from bestowing. The cause of this I shall briefly tell you. When I found that in your goodness you proposed to dine with me, and when I considered your excellence, I thought it my duty to honor you with more precious food than is usually given to others. Recollecting my falcon, therefore, and its worth, I deemed it worthy food, and accordingly made it be roasted and served up for dinner; but when I find that you wished to get it in another way, I shall never be consoled for having it not in my power to serve you." Having said this, he showed them the wings, and the feet, and the bill, as evidences of the truth of what he had told them. When the lady heard and saw these things, she chided him for having killed so fine a bird as food for a woman; but admired in secret that greatness of mind which poverty had been unable to subdue. Then, seeing that she could not have the falcon, and becoming alarmed for the safety of her child, she thanked Federigo for the honorable entertainment he had given them, and returned home in a melancholy mood. Her son,

on the other hand, either from grief at not getting the falcon, or from a disease occasioned by it, died a few days after, leaving his mother plunged in the deepest affliction.

Monna Giovanna was left very rich, and when she had for sometime mourned her loss, being importuned by her brothers to marry again, she began to reflect on the merit of Federigo, and on the last instance of his generosity displayed in killing so fine a bird to do her honor. She told her brothers, therefore, that she would marry since they desired it, but that her only choice would be Federigo Alberigi. They laughed when they heard this, and asked her how she could think of a man who had nothing; but she answered, that she would rather have a man without money, than money without a man. When her brothers, who had long known Federigo, saw therefore how her wishes pointed, they consented to bestow her upon him with all her wealth; and Federigo, with a wife so excellent and so long beloved, and riches equal to his desires, showed that he had learned to be a better steward, and long enjoyed true happiness.

THE OLD DRAWING-MASTER.

BY A. M. HALL.

"Ah! bah! Mademoiselle, and you call dat a copie?—a copie of dis outline?—Regardez dis line dat ought to be straight, he is crookit—de line dat ought to be what you call curve, he is straight—de foreground is light, and de background dark! Mon Dieu! Mademoiselle! vat is it that you tink of, ven you draw?"

Monsieur La Trobe was certainly very impatient; cross I called him then; but now, when I recollect him through the softening mist of years, and remember the provocation I so frequently gave the good old gentleman, I can call him only impatient. He had visited England long before I was born—an emigrant; and having settled, after the lapse of a few years in our neighborhood, felt it as a stain on his professional character, that a child he had known from the time she was able to destroy a pencil, should pervert the crooked to the straight, and the straight to the crooked. "Dere!" he would exclaim; "you can copie ver well de Irish vomans, vid dere childs on dere backs, and dere pipes in dere mouths—and de Irishmens, vid spades and pigs—and boats and ships—vy you not de landscapes? vy you not copie me?"

Dear Monsieur La Trobe!—I could imitate them, but not him:—yet I was doomed to try to do so, an hour and a half per diem by the great hall clock—simply, because Monsieur La Trobe professed to teach only this branch of art; and because all the papas and mammas in the neighborhood thought it a duty to make their children copy Mr. La Trobe's landscapes—I say Mr. La Trobe's landscapes, for nature had little or nothing to do with them. But the old drawing master was a picture himself—no earthly consideration would have induced him to wear a round hat—his three-corned one, banded with neat gold lace, was decorously placed over his white and well-powdered hair; his coat was an unchanging record of the fashions of 1798—brown—a deep

brown; his waistcoat was brown satin; but on Sunday, and when dining out, he wore one of rich embroidery—the flaps descending nearly to his knees; his stockings were, on state occasions, of black silk; and his high fronted shoes accorded with his quaint attire, which no one seemed to consider strange, the old drawing-master had never worn any other—but nothing (except, it may be, a large and sudden tear, called forth by the mention of the Queen Marie Antoinette, or a subject of still deeper interest,) could dim the lustre of his keen, piercing, blue eyes; they were very bright, almost dazzling, flashing and sparkling beneath his white eyebrows—abrupt eyes they were, whose expression you were never sure of. Imagine the high wrinkled features—the eyes I have endeavored to describe—the long lean person—the cocked hat, and ebony cane, and a large snuff box, with a fine miniature of the fair, but hapless, sovereign of France on the lid, which he generally carried in his hand—and you will believe that Monsieur La Trobe was, indeed, a picture—a touching one, when we met him on the sea shore, along which he always strolled on a summer evening—for then he would sit down upon a rock, and while the tide rippled at our feet, lay his cane across his knees, take out his snuff box, and, as if inspired by the beautiful countenance of that most beautiful queen, tell us long sad stories of the French Revolution, which sunk into my heart and memory. It was then that the fine ennobling parts of the old drawing master's character were developed. During his morning lesson, he struggled with the irritation which his sensitive mind could not overcome, occasioned by the knowledge, that he was engaged in an occupation which, however necessary, he was not born to. He was then alive to every little word—every look, that could be construed into even the shadow of a slight, and I always received instructions to courtesy to Mr. La Trobe—to say “Monsieur” always to Mr. La Trobe, and to say, “I thank you very much, Monsieur, for the pains you have taken with me to-day.” Notwithstanding this the old man would get offended sometimes.

But meet Monsieur La Trobe away from his palette and crayons, you saw at once the gentleman of the old regime—most charming to converse with—full of spirit and anecdote—the acidity vanished, the sourness gone, and the tones of sadness that usually pervaded his countenance broken up, by vivid flashings of enthusiasm. When he was surprised by any thing that struck upon his feelings, there was an earnestness in his words, and a music in the deep, full tones of his voice, that could not fail to interest every one who can feel its magic influence. Broken English has frequently something puerile in its sound; but his English, though broken, never made his observations weak or ridiculous; his mind was well stored with the events of by-gone years—of the present, when apart from his lessons, he seldom spoke or thought. This living with the past to him, was to me a world of romance; and though I had heard his tales more than once, still there was a freshness about his conversation that seemed to me like reading some book that I had never read before—hearing him talk of the French Court—and the queen—and the trials

and troubles of his country—used to send the tears flowing over my cheeks: he liked telling his tales of trouble to his young pupils, because always certain of their attention and sympathy. But his great sorrow arose from events connected with his only daughter, whom, according to his own account, he had treated most harshly—it was only at particular times that he would speak “of his Ernestine.” The incident which had so great an influence over the latter days of Monsieur La Trobe's life, occurred on the anniversary of that lost daughter's birth-day. He ought to have been with us in the morning, but sent an apology, on the plea of indisposition; and in the evening we walked toward the cottage he called his own, but which really belonged to the Catholic priest of our parish, a gentleman who had received his priestly education in France. They lived together, and agreed admirably upon all but one or two points, which I need not mention now. “Monsieur La Trobe,” father Joseph said, “has gone to the sea-shore; he was in bad spirits; but he had good reason to believe he would be in better before he slept.” We did not place much reliance on Father Joseph's prediction, for he was very fond of a little bit of mystery, and yet it was seldom he looked so happy—and we hastened our footsteps to what we had called the “Sketching Point;” for the worthy man took all his sea-views from one point—what would Stanfield say to that?—and there he was, not sitting as usual, but leaning “on the top of his staff,” looking out over the sea, yet perfectly unconscious that in five minutes more the water would cover his shoes. We called out to him from the cliff to move, and never shall forget the inexpressibly mournful expression of his countenance when he turned it toward us—we felt as if we had intruded upon some silent sorrow—disturbed a holy melancholy, by the abruptness of our laughter and our thoughtless cries, and were angry we had done so. As he moved slowly forward to meet us, we lowered our voices, and spoke almost in whispers, so natural is it to subdue emotions before those we respect. The old man looked very sorrowful, and I thought I could discover the traces of recent tears upon his cheeks; he saw that he had made us sad, and his continental spirits rallied.

“Dear childrens,” he said, “poor Monsieur La Trobe have make you sorry, I see it in your face; your round Irish face, he look longe! Eh bien! I ought to be glad, for though my childe, my Ernestine, not here to rejoice my heart, she rejoice the hearts of wherever she be. Yes, yes, she is loved, as she ought to be, though she was false to me, to love without my leave, and take de leave I never give to leave me! Ah! I was angry, angry to de death; I could have killed her; but now I grow old and de grave vill soon open for Monsieur La Trobe, and the time dat passes softens, and I forgive her, so she vill not be here to close my eyes. I shall have no friend to close my eyes.”

“Oh, shame, Monsieur La Trobe, are not we your friends?”

“Ah! chere Demoiselles! you are all sweet, kind young ladies—you very sweet and good, *ven you not draw*, and *monche, monche de tops off your crayon*, and lose your Engée rubber, *rubber*,”

and make skies green and grass blue; you are all most charming ven you away from your lessons, and I would be *imgrat*, if I did not remembre all de kind tings you have done for the poor refugee: but you not my Ernestine, not de childes dat play on my wife's bosom; not de childes dat she press to her hearte; not de childes dat she clasp in de *convulsion* of death: and den, just as her spirit fly to Heaven, you, my dear young ladies are *not* the childes dat she give to my arms, and say, 'Louis, chere Louis Auguste, cherish her as you would my heart, my life, mon ame!' and then she die and leave me her living image, her miniature. Oh, my heart must be hard, or it would have broke, long, long ago."

"But you did cherish, did love her, Monsieur La Trobe, you have, therefore, no reason"—The old man uttered an exclamation of violent anguish. In an instant the expression of his countenance changed—it had told the softened nature of his feelings, but never can I forget the bitterness of self-reproach that marked it, while he exclaimed, "No, Mademoiselle, I did not cherish, not love her, as I promise my angel Adele, my wife. I not do as I ought. I forgot that when she grew, my white rose, from a little bud, dat I carry next my heart, into a beautiful vomans dat the sun shine on, and all de birds of the air admire; I forgot it was but natural she should do, as her mother did, and fall in love! Ah dear! she have no animosity to de foes of France because her heart so large, poor dear! she like de whole world—and she take glory dat her Rolland was brave soldat. She knew I would never give consent dat she marry soldier—nevere, nevere."

"And what did she do?"

"Ah! bah!—she marry without. I should have forgiven her, but no, I turned her away. She kneel at my feet—I cast her from me! She fall at my feet—I spurn her, though my heart bled; and I would have raised her to it, but her husband, *he that stole her from me*, came in, bah! so confidante, vid his proud blue eye, and his — vat you call swaggere, and take her in his arms, and say to me—me, who was Peer of France—dat if I had not been an old man, he would have use his sword. Old! as if honor was ever old. I call him coward—I strike him—and den he draw, and I draw mine. She, my Ernestine, she hold down her husband's arm, and I never knew how it was, but the point of mine wounded her. Oh, le bon Dieu! I saw her blood—her blood—drawn by my sword."

The old man became almost convulsed, and we, little more than children, stood trembling around him.

"Do not be afright," he continued after a pause, "do not be afright, my dear young ladies, I am quite harmless—a harmless old man—I would not shed a pigeon's blood. He take her from me, and refuse dat I should kneel to beg her pardon!—*he not a father then*, though he is now. I never see her since—I shall never see my child again. They become rich, and I would not let them know where I was; I hide myself in Ireland, for if I did de proud soldier might tink I want his charite—ah bah! And the old man, forgetful of the past agony in the present pride, took a pinch of snuff from his jeweled box, with the air of a

prince. Again his tone and manner became subdued. "Dis is her birth day," he repeated, as if to himself, "dis is her birth day, and I shall never, never see her more!"

It certainly has a melo-dramatic effect, but it is, nevertheless, true, that, at the very moment he had so said, we perceived that Father Joseph, accompanied by a gentleman and lady of middle aged appearance, and followed by two young ladies, had descended the cliffs, and were close to us, before we perceived them.

"Ah, bah!" said Monsieur La Trobe, "dat dear good Father Joseph is von great fool; he know I not vant to see strangers to-day. Ah bah! And he turned to meet them with no very good grace. There was an expression of quiet enjoyment in Father Joseph's eyes, that made me expect some very great happiness; nor was I disappointed. The elder lady looked at Monsieur La Trobe for a little time, and then murmured—"Father do you not know your Ernestine?" Oh, what a scene it was—and all managed so cleverly by that good old Father Joseph—poor Monsieur La Trobe could hardly believe the evidence of his senses, but seizing his daughter's arm, bared it to where the scar was, then, indeed, they wept in each other's arms; and the "soldier," he wept, and in truth, as all wept; but the two beautiful young ladies, who called Monsieur La Trobe "grand-papa," they wept the most of all; and I am sure everything was explained, forgotten, and forgiven; the whole country wished the old man joy, and praised father Joseph, and visited the general and his lady;" and the only alloy to all this happiness was, that very soon after the occurrence of this incident, we lost THE OLD DRAWING MASTER.

Original.

LINES SUGGESTED BY VIEWING A PICTURE OF SAWKILL FALLS.

BY MISS E. HOLMES.

AN Indian, half raised, grasping a gun, and looking intently toward the forest. High in the air a bird is winging its flight through the trackless space of ether.

HA! chieftain of the dusky brow,
What wakes thy warrior-spirit now?
Why do thine eyes thus brightly beam?
Is it the richness of the scene?
Or has the pale-face trod the glen
With stately step and haughty mien?
Or has the deer, with joyous bound,
Awake the rocks with echoing sound?
Why should thy hand convulsive clasp
That gun within its sinewy grasp?
Dost thou know fear? Thy mighty race
Give not such name a resting place:
Then why that start—thy form half raise,
To scan the landscape with thy gaze?
Nay, rest thy hand;—see! from her nest
The eagle soars, with snow-white crest;
And, sailing through the realms of air,
(Above the clouds that cluster there,)
She wings her way most gallantly,
Thine own bright emblem, wild and free!

Now turn ye to the scene beside—
Will it not wake your native pride?
Bright water o'er the rocky steep
With laughter takes its headlong leap,
Floating, like light, 'mid emerald leaves,

Or silver bands with rubies weaves;
Or, rising from its pebbly grave,
In anger rears a foaming wave;
While rainbow tints forever play
Around its brow by night or day.
See yon old oak, in strength and power,
Above the rest in pride doth tower;
While round its trunk the twist of brakes
From its strong heart more vigor takes;
And there the fir-tree doth fringed rise
Its dark-green tassels to the skies,
Or o'er the rough bank, bending low,
Its shadow casts far, far below!

Say, Chieftain, why thy noiseless tread
Hath over vale and mountain sped?—
If waning moons did lead thee on
Thy trackless course, so still and lone?
Why thy tired form hath sought repose
From mid-day heat—from wrongs and woes,
Beside the rushing waterfall,
Far from thy home—thy loved—thy all?
Hath dread Bellona sent thee hence
To catch the torrent's eloquence,
And to thy brother warriors show
The pent-up thoughts thy heart may know?
Or deep in Nature's wilds explore
Their hidden depths and fruitful store?
And— But why need I question thee
Once more, since thou hast answered me?
Then rest, my pencil: evermore
Time locked shall keep its garnered store!

THE VILLAGE GIRL.

I SAT, lost in thought, on the bank of a little rivulet that came murmuring down the hill side, and flowed away to the broad river that spread its blue surface beyond the plain toward the setting sun. A dew drop, scarcely perceptible to the naked eye, faintly sparkled on the leaf that bent from an over-hanging bough. And in my half waking half dreaming reverie, I thought I saw myriads of these little drops collecting and descending on the hills and in the valleys, forming the bubbling rivulets that flowed, one after another, until their united streams swelled into mighty rivers, and the rivers, sweeping on through the deep valleys of the lands, hundreds of miles, and terminating in fathomless oceans that rolled their resistless currents round the world.

From amid the mist that rose above the mingling of the waters, there came to my side an old and venerable man wrapped in a sea green cloak, and while with one hand he pressed the moisture from his flowing hair, with the other he held to my eye a curiously wrought tube of glassy transparency—and bid me mark the lesson it would unfold.

I looked—a beheld before me a pleasant village in the midst of a rich and teeming landscape, in the sweet and mellow season of June. The bells are ringing, and groups of children are gathering to the school house—it is the Sabbath—and that the Sabbath school. Yonder, at the end of the lane, is a village girl—she stops to look a moment at some boys at play—she hesitates, turns away, and then again approaches. Now she speaks to a little ragged noisy boy, that has quarreled with his playmates, and picked up all the marbles; they are going to fight, and he swears horrible oaths. She takes him by the

hand—see how earnestly she talks to him—She points toward the beautiful blue summer sky—and a tear glistens on her sweet cheek.

Now she has said something which has made an impression on that rude and ruined boy—and he has turned and walked away with her. They go toward the school—he stops a moment at the door, but she has persuaded him in.

Just then the old man touched a hidden key, and the scene changed. Another slowly followed.

There at the foot of a ragged and barren mountain is an old and miserable log dwelling—the windows are broken—the chimney has partly fallen down; the wretchedness of hopeless poverty is in every feature of the scene—a lean half famished dog sits by the door, and gives a faint and melancholy recognition to his master, who comes staggering up the glen, intoxicated and in rags.

But yonder through the opening vista in the far distance is seen the outline of the lovely village we have left, and there coming slowly up the path I see the very boy who was led to the Sunday school in the morning by the village girl. He has a book in his hand. He is reading it as he walks. It is a Bible, a present from his young friend, the teacher.

The scene shifts like a moving panorama. The shades of night fall upon the scene—and now the bright morning breaks over the mountain top, and the birds sing in the trees. The family are gathered in a group in the cottage and that little boy is reading from his book. They all listen. But still the scene is shifting and shifting. Days and weeks and months seem to be passing. I see the little boy take his brothers and sisters to the village school. The whole family goes to the church on Sunday. A great reform has been effected. And the scene begins to wear a cheerful and happy aspect. Now, if I have counted the change right, it is three summers since we first saw this family; they have removed to a comfortable house in the borders of the village—it is a farm house, and is surrounded by pleasant fields. What a wonderful change. But it is gone—and here is another scene.

The boy has grown to manhood—and mingling with the crowds of men in a great city, by his example, his activity, and his eloquence, he is giving tone and shape and direction to the current of many thoughts. An energy and power untiring and resistless marks his progress—a benevolence expansive as the world characterizes all his efforts. New scenes of active enterprise are presented—new fields for effort are opened—and the tides of moral influence are going forth before the impulse, over a vast continent.

Still another scene. That untiring man is there. He sits in a green verandah beneath the shade of a palm tree; a strange land and sky are around and above him. He is translating into a foreign tongue the sublime morality of heaven—opening to millions in all future generations new views of life, of obligation and of duty. He has left his home forever, armed with the glorious panoply of truth, to war with the errors of superstition and infidelity and cruelty—to scatter light in darkness—and to reclaim a degraded race.

Years upon years are passing. The change is

not more visible and marked in the alternations of the seasons than in the change of men. A new era has dawned. And as the man goes at last in gray old age to his grave—the power of his influence has been felt to the remotest shores of time. Good men bless his memory, and millions rejoice that he has lived.

"But where," I asked, "is the village girl?" "You shall see," answered my mysterious visitor. And touching another key, I looked, and beheld again before me the retired village, the same after half a century, lying in the quietude and rural beauty, an old hooded woman passed, leaning, in decrepit age, upon a staff, habited in the garb of rustic simplicity. I knew that face again. The peace the world gives not, and cannot take away was there. Unnoticed and unknown she was about closing her long and unassuming duties, with scarce a consciousness that she had been useful in the world.

The old man pointed to the dew drop, the rivulet, the distant river, and away to the far off ocean. "Thus," said he, "the dew drops raise the tides that roll round the world—fit emblems of that moral influence, which, from the humblest efforts, flow on increasing in power, only to develop the immeasurable results in eternity."

THE LOG OF THE ROVER.

THE ROVER, for TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, gives 832 pages of reading matter instead of 576, the amount contained in the monthlies; 52 steel plates, instead of about 30, and 52 elegant wood engravings extra, and handsomely printed upon superfine white thick paper. An edition, also, without the steel plates and cover, for ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, with all the reading matter and the wood engravings, subject only to newspaper postage, and after first of July, free of postage to any place within thirty miles of New York.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—We have received from Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway, four numbers of their Library of Choice Reading, containing

TABLE TALK, by William Hazlitt, Nos. 6 and 9,

HEADLONG HALL AND NIGHTMARE ABBEY, number 7, and

THE FRENCH IN ALGIERS, number 8.

We herald these delightful volumes with pleasure, as opening a new career of elegant literature, put into a shape that does one's eyes good to look at—neatly got up, and handsomely printed on fine white paper. This is really refreshing after the gorging of cheap stuff which has flowed from the presses of the country for three years past, hurried off in the most slovenly manner upon paper as coarse and as brown as a tow bag. The public we know are grateful for the treat, as is proved by the fact of its taking away immense editions of each number of this rare Library, already containing *Eothen*; the *Amber Witch*; *Undine*; Leigh Hunt's glorious book, *Imagination and Fancy*; that ivy-bound, golden-aged, delicious *Diary of Lady Willoughby*; the *French in Algiers*; and *Ancient Moral Tales from the Gesta Romanorum*, besides those above noticed; and we happen to know that the editor has some charming things preparing for future numbers. (Let us recommend here, by-the-by, his adding to the same woof, those two most charming novels of modern days, *The Youth of Shakspeare*, and *Shakspeare and his Friends*.) What shall we say of them? Every one has read something of Hazlitt's with delight, and thousands will wade delighted through the two volumes of his *Table Talk*. The *French in Algiers*, is by a young Lieutenant in the Oldenburg service, who went to Spain in 1839, to gain his spurs under Espartero, but arriving at the end of the war, went thence to Algiers and entered the French army as a volunteer, where he pass-

ed through two years of hardship and danger. The author has a way of making you a companion in all his adventures; and you have besides a very good account of the war in Algiers, of the Arabs, and of Abd-el-Kader and his warmish country. *Headlong Hall and Nightmare Abbey* make an interesting volume. "Their satirical force and interest, reflecting every shade and variety of opinion in the nineteenth century, will be felt in a country where every ism is fully developed."

Why didn't the publishers think to send us the first five numbers of the Library? We must not miss a link of this golden chain of "choice reading"—we would not be without them all for a crown!

From Harper & Brothers we have received the following works:

BARNES'S NOTES on the Ephesians, Philippians and Colossians. The well known theological ability of the Rev. Albert Barnes, is enough to ensure a large sale of this work. It will bear studying closely, and will be very valuable to the student.

THE BLIND GIRL, and other Tales, by Mrs. Embury. A very capital little book for the young, serving to inculcate all the best feelings of humanity, and prompt them to deeds of charity, love, and forbearance.

NIGHT AND MORNING, by Bulwer—One of his most highly wrought and intensely interesting novels.

WYOMING, an original novel, by an anonymous writer. We have not read this work, but have heard it extremely well spoken of.

DICTIONARY OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE, No. 7. This promises to be one of the most valuable works of the season, and is prepared and edited with consummate ability.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY, No. 3. Every married person, and all who intend to get married, should possess a copy of this work. It seems to us as though it could not be otherwise than indispensable.

THE PICTORIAL BIBLE, No. 27. This magnificent work has progressed as far as Isaiah XXIV. The paper and printing are unrivalled, and the illustrations very fine, particularly the smaller ones.

ILLUSTRATED SHAKSPEARE, Nos. 51 and 52. This beautiful work is carried on with a great deal of spirit and elegance. We notice that some of the large engravings, done by Mr. Orr, are very superior.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW, a Whig journal of politics, literature and science. We have received the numbers of this magazine, and on looking them over were strongly impressed with the sterling worth of the work. Its literary merits are of the very highest order. Its political and review articles are such as would do credit to the best English magazines; while its essays, tales and poetry are such as any thinking person would delight to read, of a quiet evening, in his own sanctum. We had often wondered why the whigs were deprived of a high toned monthly journal like the Review, and had pictured in our own minds how such a desirable object might be acquired; but we confess, on perusing the work now before the people, that we hardly hoped for one containing so much excellence. Mr. Colton has nobly begun his work, and we hope he will reap a rich reward. He numbers among his contributors some of the ablest pens in the country. The May number has articles from Tuckerman, Rev. Ralph Hoyt, Charles Winterfield, James D. Whelpley, and the editor, G. H. Colton. William Wallace has a gem of a poem—a "Letter to Madeline"—one of the best things of this talented young poet. The price of the Review is five dollars a year.

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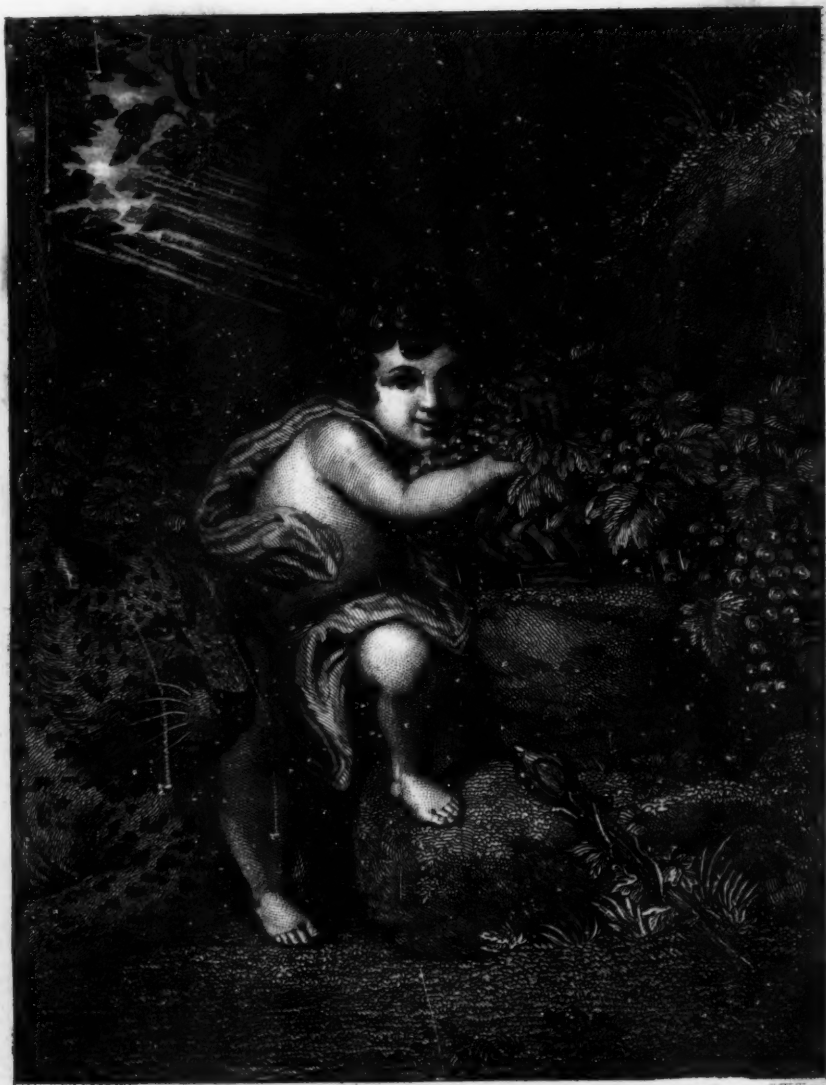
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